

The tell Tale Spirit :

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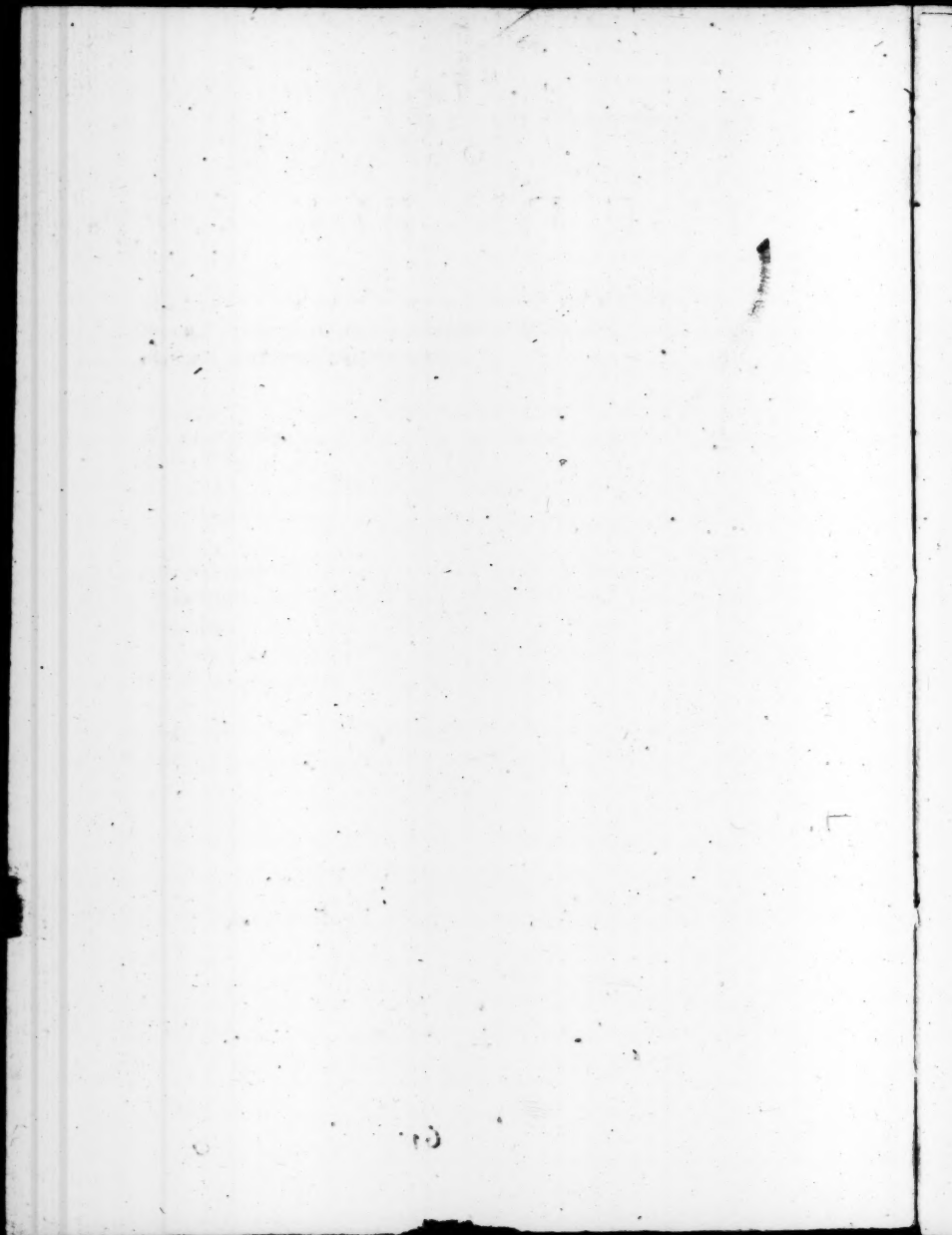
THE DIVELL OF DERBY HOVSE.

Rendring an exact Accompt of the present Affaires of the Kingdome, from all parts, of all attempts and designs, aswell domesticke as distant. Especially from the blacke Conclave of Conspirators sitting at *DERBY HOVSE*.

*One Faction split into three parts,
Each knot attempts, by Divelish arts
To be predominant; meane while,
They all agree in frauds and guile;
The question is not how the King
They now may unto London bring,
But who shall bring him, and that done,
Who shall sit nearest to the Throne;
While thus they bandy, all their plots
Are how to dis-engage the Scots;
For having (by them) wrought their ends,
They'le no longer be their friends:
The Covenant, the staires whereon
They mounted into Charles his Throne:
They now abjure, and in disguise
Begin their new-found enterprize:
But all their crafty wiles shall be
Their bane in the Catastrophe.*

*— tolluntur in altum,
ut lapsus graviores ruant.*

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The tell tale Spirit, &c.

S Hall we yet adde to the numerous conceits now abroad, and tell something to the world as an intelligencer, now that Pamphlets are become as common as a Curtezian of the sisterhood, and mense eayen glow to heare and read the ardent oppressions used by men of contrary minds, and all in print; while some Hack and hew, others Crouch and slip themselves into all colours, yet seem lovely in none. I have a pretty familiar who hath his mansion amongst the damned Spirits in Derby house, who gives me a true account of all the plots, projections and stratagems of those Master Fiends, the cream of the conspirators, and the rulers of the Rebels: pardon therefore ye crew at *Westminster*, for I must now falsifie my ingagemnt, and persill out your actions with that instrument which you once gave me as a gag.

*Prosper me Saturn, and those starres,
Whose looks cause sorrows, wrath and jarres,
Your influence let fall on me,
That so I may invettive be
Inexorably fell, O may
My lines smite Traytors with decay,
And may my fierce and fatall tones
Fright them more then the Mandrakes groans.*

I will mingle poyson in my Ink, write with a ravens quill; 'twill be ominous Scripture, and charm more then those wise numbers the ancient *Druids* sung, and when I fail to prosecute my intents, may the stars fall like Cinders on my head, or lightening blast me to powder,

It will not be my custome to proceed in a Journall manner, or to relate news by the houre, and therefore you are to expect me otherwise.

At first ere our *Deformers* had impt their own ambitious wings with some feathers borrowed out of Time, they presumed not to soare aloft, and to sacke home clouds, their disguiz'd humility they conceived to be the swiftest and safest way to pride, with which being now drunk they are even they know not what, yea against the current of the law, and their own reason: the proverb tells us, that he that receives a kindness from the Devil shall be sure to lose by his gains: and that people that shall intrust Schismatics to be the Reformers of their Common wealth, must of necessity instead of mending the breach, widen it, and instead of Balsom have poyson poured into their wounds; they were promised a glorious King, sure they meant not that forlorn wretch whom they keep close prisoner in Carisbrook Castle, O most unhappy, yet most Gracious Prince I what subject of thine possessed but with as much Loyalty as a grain of mustard seed, that will deplore his own sufferings, while he is acquainted with thy (not to be paralell) miseries?

*When the tall Cedar falls, with Burly weight,
The neighbouring shrubs are broke in sundry freight,
So we that love our Prince, hate Rebels all,
Must, in his death receive a funeral.*

They were told the Subjects Liberty should be augmented, sure they meant not by murthering and plundering: they were told Religion should be restored to the purity of the Primitive times, sure they meant not by setting up a tolleration, and countenancing all manner of heresies, sects, and schismes; yet strange it is that those whom His Majestie took from the cold earth (as *Martin, Vane, Scot, Chalkoner,*

Challoner, and divers other of the most horrid Rebels) and warmed them in his bosome, are desperate Divels against Him, and the most furious factionists of the whole gang. O how these dogs grin (like the fiends that must devour their souls) upon any motion made in the behalf of His Majesty, whom contrary to all Law both Divine and humane they have separated from His beloved wife (while they enjoy their wives and their whores too). He like the solitary Phoenix, strives to ingender of himself, expecting no comfortable heat but in His Funerall flames: what strict punishments do these miscreants deserve, who have joynd ingratitude to Rebellion? and the prolix number of their other sins? speak Englishmen, are you bereft of all your senses at once? are the bags that should containe your galls shrunk up that you sit like Statues, as if your feet were overgrown with mosse, and behold your gracious Prince (the most Peerless Paragon of Europe) shut up from the sight of mankind, and used with all barbarous cruelties, your Religion clean taken away, and scarce the shadow of it remaining, your Lawes abrogated, your Customs melted into Votes, which are recalled on all occasions according as your Tyrants find it for their benefit. Were there any principle of Christianity or magnanimity in you, you would goe drill the hearts, & make His Majesty's name where these miscreants tripping sit, their quartermaster. But the Treaty now is proposed by your delib'rate expedient for the cure of your Gangrene. I say tis wth out enemies of Peace are now become lovers of their Country; if the contempters of God and their King are converted into pious and Loyal men; that the most ravenous Canniballs that ever were, are now metamorphosed into temperate Christians, but let me tell you Gentlemen, this by the way and mark me.

Those Johnes of the at Derby house that sit
Who call for Machiavel in their study
Have yet this Treaty on with an intent
To ruin Charles and Kings government;

It is their plot, and for to do this feat
 Are they preparing for to treat :
 For know they are resolv'd far to propose
 That which shall make them yet more deadly foes.
 That which they know he ne'r will yield unto,
 Although all miseries he undergo:
 The Treaty then broke off, the King is He
 Must bear the blame, that things no better be,
 Sent back unto His Cage there kept in bands,
 Untill death frees Him from their traiterous hands.
 Yet ther's a party of another mind,
 I mean those are more moderately inclin'd.
 Who now perceive in what a state they are,
 And what will be the issue of the warre,
 And ly at lurch to find occasion when
 They may be reconcil'd to Charles again,
 But these are choaks, and sorely wish the best.
 Yet are constrain'd to follow with the rest,

So much about the businesse of this Treaty. Now let us
 look upon the men of London, and see in what posture they
 are, now that things are come to maturity, and that the car-
 nall Gospellers of the Army are preparing to examine both
 them and their bags: we find them the same cowards, the
 same cuckolds, and the same degenerated coxcombs (par-
 don the expression) that they have been this seven years;
 they have talkt high 'tis truth, *parturimus montes*, but they
 have done nothing in vindication of His Majesties honour,
 and in order to their own preservation, O madmen, and
 fools!

Are you struck blind by heaven; sure 'tis so,
 Or else you needs must pity your own woe.
 You that have been the glory of your Nation
 Are now the Authors of its devastation
 For your own sakes consider, see you not
 That all your former actions are forgot;
 That all your vast expence of coyn and blood
 To purchase what you never understood

*Hath become the Preludium to your fall
Unto ruin epidemical.*

Your Patriots give you up to be a prey

To cutthroats; those who know not to obey,

Nor yet to rule, a crew of wretched slaves,

Who ruine others, and destroy themselves.

To these, to Fate, and to your sinnes you are

Made the whole object of a second Warre.

I need not mention unto you the story of Sandown Castle (where the Pamphleteers licensed by *Mabbot*) tell you the Prince of Wales his forces received a great overthrow which was not so much as they report; nor need I speak of *Lilburnes*, (I mean *John Lilburnes* brothers unfortunate successe even when he began to be honest; but I cannot but take notice of the great triumph which the factionists Make (out of sure confidence) that the Scots Army shall never more be able to march, having been already scattered by *Nol Cromwell*) or one in his likeness choose you whether, his sonne Prince *Cromwell*) I hold it vaine, and more then base to divulge a falsity, and therefore I shall not deny, but that the Scots have beene discomfited, thanks to some, of their treacherous Officers, who sold them into their enemies hands for a large sum of money; the chiefest whereof was *Boyle* a Lieutenant Generall, who I hope will shortly taste vengeance for his perfidiouseffe, as also the rest of his Complices and confederates in that horrid fallery; however, the matter is not so lamentable as they perswade us, for there remains yet with the illustrious Prince James, Duke *Hambelton*, 6000 Foot, and 4000. horse in one entire Body. Sir *Marmaduke Langdale* having 5000. under his command (though some of them at present not in case to serve) besides *Monroe*, is now upon his march (to their requit) with 5000 horse and foot, well appointed for the war.

So that the Saints are not like to carry it so, but must a second time hazzard a battle with an enraged (yet more powerfull Army then before,) and in the meane time that heroick worthy the Lord *Biron* increaseth dayly in strength,

the

the Royalists in the West also hold Sir Henry's willer to to his tackling, that he hath beene constrained here to send post to Westminster for recovery. Sir Henry Lingard (what ever the State-lyars informe you, as that he is taken prisoner, and I know not what) is still very potent in Worcester-shire; and that you may know his present condition, take this letter sent up to Westminster by his profest enemies.

Sir,

I can assure you that Sir Henry Lingard is then in armes for the King, and hath proved so fortunate, as to surprize the County Troope, under Major Harlow, hath taken Lieutenant Kerke, and with him about 60 Horse, and 40. Foot, whom he keeps prisoners in Eddbury. Sir Henry's Souldiers had few armes, but what they took from the County Troop; we have sent forth Cbll. Dingley with 80. Horse and Dragoones, and 120. Foot to fight with him, we have given Commission to Major Estop, Cap. Cox, and Cap. Scot, and they are sent you well affected to you and under them; we have sent to Warwick for 100. horse which Col. Bridgman promised to lend us. Farewell.

Whereas his Highnesse the Prince of Wales was reported by the Caries of the Faction to have lost both his eyes by powder, it is a notorious lye; the truth is he that stood next to him had his haire singed, and his face something marred by powder, in an unfortunate attempt: but his Highnesse (thanks to heaven) is not the least hurt, though the brethren thought good to give thanks, and that in most solemn manner, that this grand enemy of the Gospel was smitten by an Angell with blindness, and that William Lenthall gave the Minister that brought the lying report unto him five pounds out of his owne purse: The Prince is yet upon the Downes, and (for ought I know) must be forced to dispose of those ships he hath in his custody for the payment of the Navy.

But why the London Merchants are so nice, They hold it no relieve their Prince a Vice.

F I N I S.